

Imaginations

Thru the Past Darkly

by Chris

The rusty wire still
Stubbornly sticks to the
Thick, tall evergreens
I am wandering about
On land that as children
My cousins and I spent
Countless hours exploring

The old pond is as
Green and unmoving as ever
Yet change is the feature here
Our grandparents are now deceased
And so is what was

The back field is full of
Natural green growth
This field was once
Flat and kept at bay
The stomping ground
of horses and cows

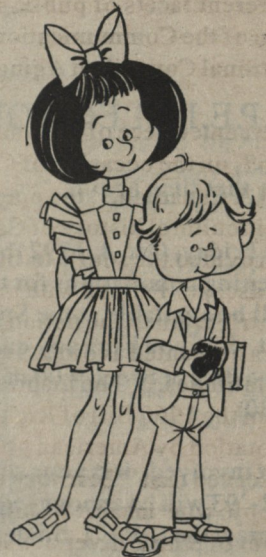
The chicken pen once
Full of lively chickens
Roosters, geese even
Is now being reclaimed
By Nature

Once a mighty garden
Roared down the hill to
End near the green pond
Vegetables of many kinds
Prospered in the soil
And on the supper plate

Mickey the proud German
Sheppard had a large
Area cleared for his own use
Bones cluttered his area
Strangers and chickens
Were fearful of this dog
Mickey's house is empty
And rests with a collection

Of memories

The whole scene is almost
Depressing yet how can
Nature be depressing?
Nature rules all and
That is fine by me.



A Little Mash For The Backlash.

Who are we before one and other
As our eyes met and pass
There is another
But it is too quick to see into those eyes
Too quick to see into their hearts
Is their heart male or female
Oh maybe their just another.

Each day goes by and many others
My mother, who is another beautiful being
Yes we are another to
Just as the skies are blue
She says live the golden rule
And so does he my father who
Is another, say
Love on another

Yes we are friends not foes so now
We can progress together with one
Another without ill weather,
Under the shining rule love one another.

William Tell
Blair Kelly